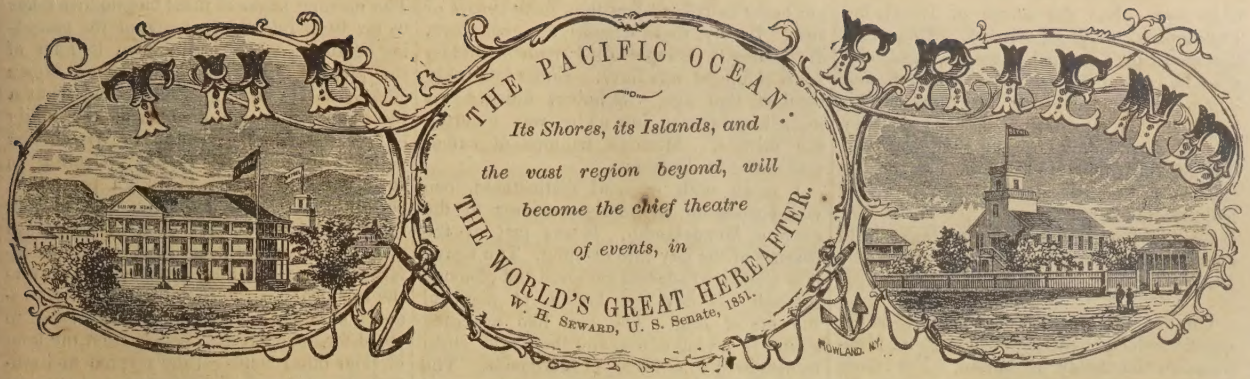
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast region beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. Seward, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, No. 11, Vol. 28.} HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

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THE FRIEND.

NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

Bethel Repaired and Re-painted.

It may be said of the Bethel in Honolulu, the same as was said of the Temple at Jerusalem, "Forty and six years was this temple in building." The Bethel was dedicated as a house for public worship in November, 1833—forty-six years ago. During nearly one-half a century it has been opened nearly every Sabbath for public worship, *seats free*; hence, for all necessary repairs and other expenses appeals have been made to the public, and uniformly a generous response has been made. It has long been apparent that some repairs were needed. The recent expenditures amount to a little over $1,200, and to meet these bills about $1,000 has already been raised, including the avails of the Fair in May. In our next issue we shall duly report the exact amount received and how expended.

The Bethel will be opened for public service on Sabbath morning, November 9th. The Sabbath School will also be omitted until the opening of the Chapel for public service; but the Wednesday evening meeting as usual.

Pleasant Reading.—In another column will be found an article from the pen of our American Minister Resident, on "Ohio Men in the Sandwich Islands." Something similar and very readable might be written about "New York Men," "Massachusetts Men," "Connecticut Men" at the Sandwich Islands.

New Hymn-Book for the Bethel.

Among the objects of the late Fair for the benefit of the Bethel, started by the ladies of the choir and so generously patronised by the community, was the purchase of a new collection of Hymns and Music for public worship. After examining various collections, the committee finally decided upon the one having the following title-page:

HYMNS
AND
SONGS OF PRAISE
FOR
PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.
EDITED BY
Roswell D. Hitchcock, Zachary Eddy, Philip Schaff.
New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 900 Broadway, cor. 20th St.

This book of Hymns and Music has met the approval of a very large number of churches in the United States. It has a wide circulation among both Presbyterian and Congregational churches. It contains 1411 hymns and 450 tunes and chants. The names of the authors are inserted, and the date when they lived. There are very many reasons apparent for regarding this collection as most admirably suited for the purposes of worship in the sanctuary.

Aside from its uses as an aid to public worship, we commend the book as a beautiful collection of sacred hymns for private reading. A good hymn-book is a full storehouse of lyric poetry, in which the English language is now so remarkably choice and rich. Some of the hymns of other ages and other languages have been admirably translated and reproduced in our age and language. Hymns of the Middle Ages, hymns from Germany and France and other lands, now delight the modern lover of spiritual songs. Many, very many, are to be found in this volume. We commend the book both for public worship and private reading.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 34

WALKS ABOUT BERLIN.

A recent French writer has said of Berlin: "It is a city which presents an appearance of strength and grandeur; has broad streets; long lines of houses, impressing one more by their size than by their beauty; in no way adapted to please one. Moreover, no effort is ever made to interest one. Here there is but one object, to instruct and to command. Here they know only two elements of civilization, the army and the university, science and war, the discipline of the school and the discipline of the regiment. If Munich and Dresden are the Museums of Germany, then is Berlin the Arsenal!" This is a Frenchman's description of the Prussian Capital, and one against which much might be said. And yet there is some truth, I am forced to confess, in it; though with every advancing year of the Empire this will be less the case. I am made aware of the lack of the poetic and picturesque elements in the city when I take my daily walk. The city is in memories, too, military. There are few of those delightful nooks which one finds in many other cities, where one may enter into the eloquent silence of the past; few shrines before which one may bend, forgetful of all else, while "far off the noises of the world retreat." We have no Westminster Abbey, with its "Poet's Corner;" no Pere Lachaise, that silent city of the silent dead; there are not here the thousand enticing rambles of Old Rome on the Tiber, or Florence on the silver Arno. Still there are some points which one seeks, with willing feet, in the city and suburbs, connected with the names and memories of men who, through especial beauty of life, or through exceptional genius, which they have known wisely to use, have now a distinguished place in the history of their race. I can scarcely think now of speaking of more than one or two of these, leaving the others, perhaps, for other rambling days, and appreciative moods. Potsdam is. as you know, a little world of Historical and Biographical interest. The house where Lessing lived—one of the most cherished names in German literature—still stands in Berlin, where he wrote his ever beautiful "Minna von Barnhelm." Unfortunately, the house which Heinrich Heyne occupied in the Taubenstrasse, is no longer

to be seen. But the house of Hegel, the Philosopher, may be visited. Chamisso, that sweet poet and noble nature, lived with his wife (whom he so tenderly loved, and whom he found waiting for him, a girl-bride, on his return from his long journey around the world) near the Botanical Garden, of which he had charge in one of the suburbs of the city—and I might still further lengthen the list.

Let me, however, for this time, ask you to visit, with me,

"THE GRAVE OF MENDELSSOHN."

One of the sacred spots of Berlin is the quiet, shadowy cemetery where Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is buried. For those who have, in any slight degree, a taste for music, it would have a certain interest; but for those who have felt and feel, not alone in the stimulating atmosphere of the concert hall, but also in the quiet of their home-life, in that inner world of personal heart-experience, the ennobling, elevating, purifying influence of this great master in the realm of music, it becomes, indeed, holy ground. This quaint, old-fashioned Trinity Cemetery, *Dreifaltigkeit's Kirchhof*, lies now almost in the midst of the great working, restless city. Only a few years ago it lay in the out-skirts of the capital, but since the coming in of the empire the city has marched with giant strides in all directions, so that points, which were once even in the memory of those who are still children, like distant out-posts in the desert of the Branderbourg sands, have been brought within the limits of civilization. So that this little grave yard, this resting-place of the "blessed dead," in the midst of the noise, business and turmoil, touches one with its tender hush and beauty, like the sight of a lifted cross by the dusty way-side, or the solemn melody of chimes at noon-time, floating far out above the roar and confusion of the street below. It is near one of the old "Gates" of the city that, looking in the direction of Halle, also by its now out-grown name, reminding one of the early history of the Prussian Capital. I scarcely think you would find the grave we are seeking alone, so hidden away under the drooping trees does it lie. The kindly old keeper of the cemetery led me to it one day, and since then, I think, few have learned the way to it better than I, so that I feel as it were a sort of tender right and privilege in bringing others there. There is nothing at all pretentious in the way of a monument to distinguish it from hundreds of other graves which lie on every side. It is in one of the shadowest parts of the inclosure. Ash trees, with their long, drooping, graceful branches, encircle and shield it. Ivy, of most beautiful and luxuriant growth, has thrown a verdant mantle over the rising mound, with its never changing freshness in winter and summer, a fitting type of the fame of him who was laid away here to rest, when his life-work was ended. The white marble slab which stands at the head of the grave tells us much in a few plain words; its two sculptured dates, speaking so eloquently! Dead, before he had, as it were, reached the prime of his manhood; his work completed, when so many are realizing, for the first time, what the meaning of life and labor is; his epitaph written in letters which are never to fade at less than forty years of age! Surely, those whom "the gods love, die young." Chopin died with a broken heart before he was forty. Euber had only reached that age. Schubert finished his melodious mission just as he was entering the thirties. Mozart's triumphant career was ended at thirty-five.

I recall with especial distinctness, one visit I made in the early summer to the grave of Mendelssohn. It was just at the passing of the day into evening. The heavy rain clouds, which had gathered and gloomed through the day, had broken in plentiful showers of rain. The sun had appeared again, in saying adieu, and the world stood transfigured in a blaze of diamonds. The cemetery was fragrant as a garden in spring; the moist and clinging vines, the verdant festoons and draperies of ivy, the opening roses, myrtles and violets, making a bright and pleasing picture. A German cemetery has a certain indescribable charm, particularly this one, where Mendelssohn sleeps. There is a quaint, hushed gentleness and thoughtfulness in the arrangements of the flowers and wreaths; a world of poetry in the inscriptions and texts on the stones among the flowers which mark the graves; in that spirit of love; in that anticipation of meeting and re-union which lights and glorifies the oft repeated *Auf wieder sehen*. The air of the twilight seemed suffused with peace; musical with the melody of some "Song without words," which might have risen from the quiet grave of the great musician.—At least it was a pleasing fancy to cherish, that the spirit of the master was with us still.

THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.

A thoughtful writer and appreciative lover of Mozart has said, "To open Mozart's letters is like opening a painted tomb." These words might, with equal appropriatness, be applied to a series of sketches which have very recently appeared in Germany in book form, under the title of "Dei Mendelssohn Familei." These are made up largely of the letters of the family and extracts from their journals, and together form a whole of such rare and perfect beauty, a glimpse as it were into the very heart-life of one of the most remarkable and gifted families which Germany has ever produced, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that the book is one of the most popular of the year, especially in Berlin, where the family mostly lived. I wish it might be possible for me to give you something of an idea of the charm, the wonderful fascination of these sketches, and yet this is so subtle, so inseparable a part of every page and chapter, that in endeavoring to do anything of the kind I should be forced in the end to transcribe for you the whole work. The name Mendelssohn is especially known outside of Germany through the illustrious musician and composer, of whom we have spoken above. But here he is but one, although perhaps the most famous of a race so highly gifted, so splendidly endowed, that in rising from the perusal of these eloquent pages, I feel to join most warmly in that enthusiastic exclamation recently made by one who had read the book, "A good *Burger Familei*"—in the fullest, grandest sense of the words, "A right *Princely Race!*"

The opening pages of these biographies takes us far back into the first part of the preceding century—to the well-known founder of the present family, the philosopher, *Moses Mendelssohn*, born in 1729. And what a record has this one member of the family left behind him! Enough to wreath the name with unfading laurels. Coming in early youth to Berlin, well-nigh pennyless, born of a race hated, and condemned to walk through life the object of Christian scorn and ridicule, an outcast Jew, painfully deformed in person, and yet rising in time to the topmost heigths of philosophical attainment, heralded as a second Moses, sent to plead for his oppressed people from the land of their bitter bondage, the revered and tenderly loved friend of the wisest, and greatest and most honored men of his century. Surely, this is a metamorphosis, such as is rarely seen! Moses Mendelssohn will always hold a unique position in history. He was one of the first and foremost in his efforts to raise his race, sunk for centuries in an almost apathetic ignorance, who were wanderers indeed on the face of the earth, from whom the so-called Christian race shrank as before the murderer's mark on the brow of a banished Cain. The Jews of our time owe to him more than to any one else the liberty which they to-day possess. He was the chosen friend of the great Lessing. His home, humble and plain, became the rallying point of great souls in those fierce intellectual conflicts which agitated Germany during the last century. He was the Socrates of his age. His treatise on "The Immortality of the Soul" will ever hold a place among the Classics of Literature. The lustre which he imparted to the family name has been in no way dimmed in succeeding generations. One son of the Philosopher became the founder of the celebrated Mendelssohn Banking House, which still enjoys a European reputation. A daughter became the wife of Freiderick von Schlegel, and was distinguished for her literary activity. A son of hers, by a previous marriage, Philip Veit, was a well-known name among the artists of Germany. A grandson of Moses, Alexander Mendelssohn Bertholdy, was the father of a distinguished family. His son, Felix, is known as one of the most illustrious musical composers of this country to all the world. His eldest daughter, Fanny, composer and pianist, was one of the most distinguished female musicians who has ever lived. She was married to William Hensel, the distinguished artist and painter, truly, a noble pair! Still another daughter, Rebecca, who had the training of a lady of the Renaissance, reading Plato and Homer with ease in the original, had for husband Professor Dirichlet, one of the first mathematicians of modern times. These are the names of the most distinguished of the family. There are others who probably amid less brilliant surroundings would have attained to a distinguished name, as we have read of no one in the wide circle of relationship who was not possessed of superior mental endowments. It can readily be understood that a work which introduces one to the inner life of such a family group is absorbingly interesting. One moves in the choicest of company, that of the great spirits of the age, in the midst of intense intellectual and artistic

activity. Circumstances favored the growth and development of the family. Wealth flowed in upon them, their social position was that of the highest, feted by all the crowned heads of Europe. Surely, the times had changed since Moses, the despised Jewish boy, speaking sad mixture of Hebrew and low German, entered Berlin for the first time! But more beautiful than all else is the spirit of tenderest, most devoted love which animated these pages. The family bond was never broken, even through difference of religious creed. Some adhered to their Jewish faith and ritual; others became earnest Protestant Christians, notably Felix, to whom we owe some of the most splendid creations in the whole range of Christian music; and one member of the family became an ardent Roman Catholic. The scene shifts in these pages from one land to another. We have delightful letters, descriptive, humorous, tenderly loving from England, from France, from Switzerland, from Belgium, from Italy. What an unending picture opens before us;

We have spirited sketches drawn from life of Queen Victoria, Freiderick Wilhelm IV, Prince Albert, Goethe, Humboldt, Cornelius, Immermann and Heine, Cherubini, and Spontini, Thorwaldsen, Vernet, and a host of others. We are behind the scenes. We meet the great actors of the day, off the stage, and learn to know them as men and women. We listen with bated breath to the production of some great musical work awaiting the world's verdict, whose composition we have followed step by step. We hear the tumult of applause, share in the showered laurels, and have a place in the little family circle which gathers with joyful tears and smiles, to rejoice together in the stillness of home.

The Mendelssohn House formed one of the most famous centers of Berlin life; all that was distinguished in science or letters or music found here a place. But it is ever about the life and work of Felix that the interest of the reader especially centers. One of his biographers has said, "The early death of Mendelssohn like that of Raphael threw all Europe into mourning." As great as his musical genius was the wonderful beauty and purity of his personal character and life, engaging and attracting all who came at all within the range of his personal influence. This is especially illustrated in the "Letters" before us, those written by him to his father and mother, and sisters—especially that marvelously gifted sister Fanny. His life was a busy and splendidly prolific one; one which early ended, it is true, but perfectly rounded out. In England, he was especially loved; and his music is almost as well known abroad as at home. Among his most important works are the exquisite "Songs without words;" the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" the orations of "Paulus and Elijah,"—two of the finest musical productions of any age; the music to "Antigone."

It is with difficulty that I force myself to close my sketch of this remarkable family; so singularly have they fascinated me. Such lives are the glory of the human race; a stimulus to all to aspire, more and more, to the "good, the true and the beautiful." The name of Mendelssohn is still honorably known in the city which has grown to be especially identified with the family name. May we not await still further developments in a family who have risen so high? Whatever may be the future fate of the name, those who have gone before have left a record not soon to be forgotten.

SEGEL, THE HOME OF THE HUMBOLDTS.

Meadows fragrant with new mown hay; fields golden with standing grain; bare-footed children by the way-side, with cheeks brown with the summer sun, and lips stained red with the juice of wild berries; stately forest-reaches of pine and fir; gardens bright with beds of brilliant flowers; a tiny church spire among the trees; an ancient castle and spreading park. All this lovely Idyl of the summer and the country you may have by driving an hour from your home in the city out into the suburbs. It is a delightful surprise—like stepping over into dream-land—this speedy deliverance—from the houses, the people, the endless streets, where you live so long, scarcely realizing that a suggestion of Paradise is within your reach if you take but a step in that direction. How near, very near, the "Beautiful" comes to us, touches us; would abide with us; lighting the shadows of life; lessening the friction of daily wear and tear; the wearisome, prosaic routine, if we did but know it! But then the mission and holy office of life is, after all, its discovery, and this must needs be slow. I can scarcely think any one fills up his years without some glimpse, even if fleeting, of the "Beautiful."

Segel is a little village, on a charming lake of the same name—so near Berlin that the spires and towers of the city may be distinctly seen through the trees. Historically it is interesting, as being connected with the illustrious names of Alexander and William von Humboldt, two of the most interesting; the former, one of the greatest men of modern times. About the Old Family Home of the Humboldts gathers a thousand associations connected with the celebrated brothers. Here William especially made his home in later life; and here among the evergreens of the park they are both buried. There is a quaint and ancient stateliness about the place which I found singularly agreeable. The Manor House is preserved very nearly as in the days when William lived here. The rooms are filled with choice works of art, family portraits, statues and busts, by Thorwaldsen, Tieck and Rauch. William's study remains just as he left it. There are suggestions and reminders in the bronzes in the Pompeiian and Roman statues and sculptures of the years he spent in Italy. The bust or painted portrait of William or Alexander meet the visitor at every turn, carved or colored by some celebrated artist. A daughter of William von Humboldt now occupies the home of her father. The grounds are extremely delightful, splendid masses of shrubbery, avenues of trees, lovely lawns. Near the house is the "Humboldt Oak," a tree of giant proportions, and perfect symmetry; a world in itself of spreading branches and myriad leafy sprays, rendered doubly green by the ivy which, with years, has grown to its summit. Down a long, long avenue of elms and beeches, of most beautiful growth, forming such a verdant cover, that only stray arrows of sunlight reach the passer below,—we walk to the family burial place. The graves lie within a carefully kept inclosure, from the centre of which rises a lofty shaft of polished marble, above whose Doric capital stands the figure of Hope with the Lotus Flower. The original of this beautiful statue is by Thorwaldsen, and is preserved in the mansion, whose white walls we see through an opening in the trees, as if guarding the graves of the sleepers. On every side rise ancient cypresses, the deep green of whose somewhat sombre foliage, blends softly with the elms and maples in the back-ground. It is a quiet, beautiful spot; a fitting resting place for the great men whose names, simply carved on the head-stones of the graves, bring many thoughts to us standing in the hush of the little sylvan temple.

William von Humboldt was born in 1767, and though his name is not as widely known as that of his more celebrated brother, yet the important services which he rendered Prussia in a diplomatic capacity and the world at large as a Student of Philology, are not to be lightly estimated. He entered early upon the diplomatic career, and became in time Prussian Minister in Rome, then in Vienna and lastly in London, after which he was appointed to one of the Prussian State Ministries. During his Italian life he formed one of the most important Literary and Art Circles of Rome, gathering about him, and encouraging many of the artists of the early part of this century, who sought inspiration in that City of the Past. But the most important work was of a philological character. In the early history of the Science of Comparative Philology, he played an important part. His own linguistic attainments were of the greatest range and perfection; his knowledge of languages being not confined to Europe, but embracing the American, African, Asiatic and Polynesian tongues. His philological works on language, and especially his master-work in reference to "The Kawi Language of the Island of Java," will always be regarded as classics in the literature of philology.

The Humboldt name is however especially dignified through the enormous and gigantic labors of Alexander. Few lives have been so splendidly fruitful in results, or more widely beneficial to the cause of scientific thought and investigation than his. To him was granted, as to but few, the power to solve the "Holy riddles of the Universe," to wrest from the mute "Sphinx" of the natural world the mystery of her meaning. Humboldt may be regarded as perhaps the most illustrious of those path-finders, whose office it was to open the way to that world of splendid scientific truth, the discovery and investigation of which is the especial glory of our century. His important social position, means, wide acquaintance with men and with the world at large, together with his passionate longing to discover the secrets of new and untraveled lands, led him early to enter upon those voyages and journeys which were so splendidly rich in their contributions to science. Just as the last century was closing he embarked for South America, where he spent five long years, returning to Europe at the

end of that time with treasures of infinitely more worth to the world than the gold and diamonds which laded the galleons of the early Spanish discoverers. Enjoying the favor of the King of Prussia, he was sent on various important missions which enabled him to extend his investigations, not alone to Europe, but also as far as Siberia, the Chinese Borderlands and other remote regions. Into these important stores of personal discovery and investigation, he threw the strong, clear light of his own marvellous intellect, and the result was the most famous of his works, one of the most remarkable books of all time—the world celebrated *Cosmos*. It would be unwise here, within the limits of this brief sketch, to attempt anything like a description of his manifold contributions to literature and science. The whole universe furnished him materials for his work, as we read the record of his life; he rises before us as a Titan intellect. He was celebrated as Philosopher, as Geographer, National Economist, Historian, Philologist; acquainted with the literature of every land—of the Old and New World, of the Occident and Orient; one who, as has been well said, was to his age what Aristotle and Leibnitz were to theirs. He lived to a ripe old age, retaining in advanced years a singularly brilliant and active intellectual life. For years he was one of the celebrities of the Prussian Capital, whom it was regarded as an especial honor to see. The picture of his genial, smiling and benevolent face, is still fresh in the memory of the Berliners.

The house where he lived in the Oranienburger-Strasse, where he lived for so many years, surrounded by his books, and in the company of his own great thoughts, is now marked by a simple marble slab with his name. After the long journeys of his early manhood and the herculean intellectual efforts of his later life, his body rests side by side with that of his brother in the hush and seclusion of Tegel, while over them both the solemn cypresses keep watch and ward. These great souls have passed within that mystery where no human eye can penetrate, but where we may hope that they have entered upon the fullness of that Eternal Life, for which their earthly years were but the preparation. F. Williams Damon.

Hawaiian Legation, Berlin, Aug. 8th, '79.

P. S.—My next to you will be from Norderney, a bathing place near Bremen. Already I am beginning to hear above the rattle of the streets the murmur of the ocean waves. How intensely I am anticipating a visit to the sea-shore. I enjoy the sea more than I can put into words; it seems to talk and murmur to me like an old nurse who has gotten her charge once more, and the waves are delightful company. I am reading and preparing for Holland, where I hope to be in the early days of September. Motley has been and is an inspiration to me. His history has moved me deeply. I am also reading a very interesting book of Taine's, on the philosophy of "Art in the Netherlands," which has made me long to visit Belgium and Holland, those lands of "classic wells," of quaint and picturesque landscapes and antique cities. F. W. D.

Flowers from an Unknown Friend.

While absent from home a few evenings since, some unknown friend quietly left on our centre table a bouquet of beautiful flowers. It is pleasant to feel that one has friends who will glean from their own flower-beds to adorn your dwelling. We hastened to place them in a vase of water, and the following morning they were fresh and beautiful. We opened our doors and looked out upon a bright world of beauty, made so by an abundance of trees, vines, ferns, shrubbery and flowers—all created by the Hand of an Unseen Friend. A morning shower added fresh loveliness to the bright aspect of surrounding nature, for myriads of sparkling rain-drops glistened like diamonds among the leaves and foliage. We could not but admire how wonderfully and marvelously material nature reflected God's handiwork. While the outer-world contained such undubitable manifestations of God's wisdom and providence, our thoughts were most naturally elevated to a higher display of God's agency, for on opening the Bible at family worship, the following verse, written by Paul, was the first to catch our eye: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It may be true, "No man hath seen God at any time," but surely the natural and spiritual worlds are not wanting in manifestations of His presence and agency. We do not live in a world of chance, accident or fate, but of order, beauty and wisdom.

The following fable, by one of the Beecher family—Charles—we think, is very suggestive, which we copy from the *Advance*:

"Many years ago a great Eastern philosopher made a large mirror, in a beautiful frame, and hung it up in his parlor. A dog went before it, and ruffled up his hair, growled and showed his teeth. The cat came in, and immediately went and looked behind to find the other cat. A simpleton came in, and seeing the mirror, began to congratulate the artist on his good luck. 'What a happy *accident!*' said he. 'Now you can see how you look, and can shave without cutting your face.' 'Friend,' said the artist, 'it was not an *accident*. It was to see my face in it that I made it.'

"Moral: *The mirror is material nature that reflects its Maker.* The simpleton is he who thinks the Maker made it so *accidentally*."

☞ We clip the following from the issue of the *Gazette* of last Wednesday. From this it would appear that the late publisher, Mr. T. C. Macdowell, retires, and report says expects to return to the United States. We trust success may attend him. Under the new regime we hope prosperity may be the portion of Mr. Grieve. His long experience as a practical printer entitles him to success; and we feel quite sure he would not have started on this line unless he knew the track;

Sale of the "Gazette" Printing Office.—On Saturday last at 12 M. the Government sold at public auction the printing establishment known as the *Hawaiian Gazette*, to the highest bidder. The property was knocked down to Mr. Robert Grieve for the sum of $1,875 cash, he being the highest bidder. Mr. Grieve has been foreman in the *Gazette* office for the past two years under the present management, and for some years foreman under our predecessor, Mr. H. M. Whitney. He is a first-class practical printer, and a painstaking, conscientious man, under whose management the *Gazette* will be conducted faithfully and well. He contemplates putting the office in first-class condition by the expenditure of money necessary to renew both type and presses. We take the greatest pleasure in recommending Mr. Grieve to the patrons and friends of the *Gazette*, to whom we feel grateful for their generous support in the past two years.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Life Worth Living: Memorials of Emily Bliss Gould, of Rome. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 900, Broadway.

On opening a box of books from the publishers of this volume, we found several new books intended for the Editor. Among them we find the beautiful tribute of Rev. Dr. Bacon, now of Norwich, Ct., and formerly of Geneva, Switzerland, to the memory of Mrs. Gould, whose labors among the orphan children of Rome have rendered her name dear to all friends of humanity in Europe and America. Long has the reading public been made familiar with her work by means of her admirable letters as published in the *N. Y. Observer* and other papers. This volume is a most charming sketch of her life, penned by Dr. Bacon in his happiest moments of authorship, inspired by the contemplation of the life of a truly noble Christian woman. Attached to the volume is a striking photograph of the lady, which presents us a most dignified and winning countenance. With such a face and elegant address, accompanied by a most finished education and the refinement acquired by long intercourse among the choicest of Christian people in the Old and New World, we can readily imagine that Mrs. Gould must have come to occupy a most enviable position in the society of Rome or wherever she moved. She was an honor to her country and an ornament to the Christian Church. Her correspondence indicates that she was well acquainted with many of

the better class of Christian workers in England and on the Continent.

When there is so much published in the newspapers about the foolish and frivolous lives of some American ladies who visit Europe, it is pleasant to peruse the records of one whose life, character and labors place her among the foremost of Christian workers of the present age. Her husband is a successful practicing physician in Rome, and it is pleasant to be reminded of him in the perusal of this volume, for it was our privilege to have formed his acquaintance more than forty years ago, when a young physician in New York, and on one occasion to have accompanied him on his rounds in the City Hospital.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Sept 29—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, from Sydney
30—Am bktne Eureka, Nordburg, 15 days from S F
30—Am sch C M Ward, Whitney, from Arctic
30—Brit bk The Fredericks, Roop, 126 days fm Liverpool
Oct 5—Am bktne A C Dickerman, Bryant, 46 days from Hongkong
6—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, fm San Francisco
9—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, 10 days from Fanning s Island
11—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, 16 days from S F
13—Am bgtne Hazard, Miller, 61 days fm New Castle
14—Am bktne Moultor, Nelson, 19 days fm Humboldt
15—Am sch Bonanza, Miller, fm S F via Kahuliu
16—Haw sch Gen Siegal, Simon, 21 days from S F
18—Ger stm Electra, 24 days from Whampoa, China
26—Haw sch Giovanni Apiani, Gelley, from Arctic
27—C M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, from Sydney
27—Am bk Revere, McIntyre, 21 days from Departure Bay
30—Am bk Penang, Patten, 28 days fm Departure Bay

DEPARTURES.

Sept 27—Am bk D C Murray, Norris, for San Francisco
27—U S S Alert, Huntington, for Yokohama Japan
30—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for San Francisco
Oct 4—Am ship Gov Goodwin, Lester, for San Francisco
7—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, for Sydney
7—Ger bk Iphigenia, Green, for Macao and Whampoa
10—Raiatea schr Vivid, English, for Fannings Island
10—Am sch Claus Spreckles, von Schmidt, for S Fran
11—Am bktne Eureka, Nordburg, for Port Townsend
14—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble
14—Haw bk Liliu, O'Brien, for San Francisco
15—Am bk J A Falkinburg, Hubbard for Portland O
18—Haw bk R C Wylie, Rakeman, for Bremen
19—Am bktne Monitor, Nelson, for Humboldt
21—Am sch W H Meyer, Brown, for San Francisco
24—Am bktne A C Dickerman, Bryant, for San Fran
22—Brit bk Stormy Petrel, Reed for San Francisco
24—Ger stmr Electra, for Hongkong.
25—Brit bk The Frederick, Roop, for Portland, O
27—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for S Francisco
31—Am bgtne Hazard, Miller, for San Francisco.

MEMORANDA.

Lost at Sea.—The Captain of the Bark *R. C. Wylie*, which arrived here on the 11th instant from Hamburg, reports that at six o'clock on the night of August 2d while in latitude 39° S, 83° W, a seaman, Carl Hoffmeester, fell from the yard arm into the sea and was lost. Every attempt was made to rescue him but to no avail, as the wind was blowing a heavy westerly gale at the time. He was 33 years of age and a native of Prussia.

Report of Trading and Whaling Schooner, C. M. Ward, Benj. Whitney, Master.—Left Honolulu, Jan. 6, for cruise to westward and north. Arrived at Yokohama March 29, left April 18th for the Artic. Came to Ice May 18th, 60 miles from Cape Olatosky. Worked into the ice, saw plenty of whales but could not get to them. Saw a number of whaleships but their report does not differ from that previously given. Found a plenty of Ice in the Straits and Artic Ocean. Up to the 23rd August, there had been no ships furthur than 70° 20" N. Had been but few walrus seen or taken in comprrison with former years. Heard from the natives that there were 4 ships and one schooner, off Icy Cape between the land and the ice, all the rest of the fleet on the 24th August, were between Point Lay and Cape Elizabeth, most of them at anchor a little to the south of the Point. Prospects looked rather poor for much of a catch. 30th Aug. saw the Jeanette (Bennett's vessel) in ihe Arctic, bound North, also schooner Fanny Hyde, bound South. Left Plover Bay Sept. 2nd, arrived at Honolulu Sept. 30th, after a pleasant passage. With 2300 lbs whalebone, 30 bbls seal oil, 1500 lbs walrus ivory and 167 skins.

Report of P M S S City of New York, W B Cobb, Commander—Sailed from San Francisco Sept 29th, 1879, at 12 M. Discharged pilot at 2.15 P M. Arrived at Honolulu, Oct 6th, at 6.45 P M. Running time 7 days 4½ hours. Have on board for Honolulu 156 tons general merchandise and $28,200 treasure.

E C Platt, Purser.

Report of German S. S. Electra, Capt. K. Bohme, from Whampoa to Honolulu, 24 days passage. Arrived at Honolulu off the entrance of the harbor, Friday 17 Oct. 7 o'clock at night. The steamer is under charter by Messrs. Kwong Sing Chong, from Whampoa and brought the number of 563 Chinese passengers to Honolulu. All passengers, comprising a certain number of either artificers or laborers, came on board under special survey of the Chinese authorities of Canton. Left Whampoa Wednesday 24 Sept. at 6 o'clock P. M. had fresh monsoon. Passed South Cape of Formosa Friday 26 Sept. at noon, the wind increasing into a moderate gale of short continuance. Monday 29 Sept. passed the Borodino Isles, Lat. 26° N Long. 131° E. From there the wind constantly from the East and N. E. gained in strength at times blowing a moderate gale with a high and turbulent sea all the way up to the Hawaiian Isles, which we sighted Friday at noon. The passengers arrived in good health. Cargo consisting of a small quantity of Chinese provisions and workmen's tools.

PASSENGERS.

For San Francisco, per D C Murray, Sept 27—Mrs Long

From Sydney, per Zealandia, Sept 29—Mrs J G Riley, P Ferguson, and 49 passengers in transitu.

For San Francisco, per Zealandia, Sept 29—Mrs S D Hurlburt, S A Swalm, Mrs A Swan, C P Ward wife and 2 children, Oscar Unna, M Louisson, T Lake, I Q Tewksbury, W H Lewis, B W Childs, D L Beck Jr, Mrs Waterhouse, H Schussler wife and 2 children, Alfred Houlder, Chas Miller, John Carter, T T Woodburg.

From San Francisco, per Eureka, Sept 30—Capt E D Wentworth, Capt T W Monroe, B Wilcox, A Davis, Mrs M A Williams and 2 children, Miss A Straner, T H Corney, W R Booth, W T Marshall, Chas Greenfield, Joseph Hanson, Henry Ridgeway, Chas M Trepp, Edward Ferguson, Henry Frenthal.

For San Francisco, per Gov Goodwin, Oct 4—Mrs Seamans and 2 children.

From San Francisco, per City of New York, Oct 6—Mrs John M Morton, 5 children and nurse, A Lawson, Gen Jas M Comly, U S Minister Resident, Mrs Dudoit, Miss F Corny, Mrs H A P Carter, Hon W C Parke, Mrs and Miss Judd, Miss Gordon Cummings, Mr and Mrs J G Dickson, Miss Dickson, Mr and Mrs John Farnsworth and infant, G W Fulger, Miss Fulger, F F Porter, wife and 3 children, Miss Julia Chase, Geo Macfarlane, M Purvis, W B Starkey, John Young, Miss Shaw, Miss Mary S Rice, Miss Maud Dudoit, Mrs J M Sass and son, Mr and Mrs H Rodgers, Dr and Mrs Wight, G H Maclean, Prof and Mrs S Amos and 2 children, H Mullin, J Weike and son, Mr and Mrs A Jackson and infant, C Harrell, A J Pense, C F Northrop, James Kennedy, W P Jones, P Pilon, L B Abels, S Joice, Mr and Mrs Lambert, Henry Yost, John Visconte, J D Haffard, L Hanson, Mr Casari, C Manier, J Ainsworth, R Mackenzie, Mrs J D Fraser, Jose Silver, E Townsend, F H Wilt, S Caso, T H Swanton, Wm Warren, J Cameron—and 20 Chinese.

From Hongkong, per A C Dickerman, Oct 6—20 Chinese laborers.

For Sydney, per City of New York, Oct 7—A Robinson, Chas Shaw, Samuel Staines.

For Macoa, per Iphigenia, Oct 7—A B Gordon, C A Hammond, and 40 Chinese.

From Whompoa, per Electra, Oct 8—561 chinese, (514 males and 47 females).

For San Francisco, per Claus Spreckles, Oct 10—The Misses McKeague, Miss McGrew, Mr McGrew, Thos Naggs, Mr Reiss and wife, Maggie Williams, Otto Von Wartenslchn, Wm Holland

From San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, Oct 13—Dr C B Greenfield, Samuel Theodores, P P Phillips, J Erdley, Rev Kekela, James Campbell, J M Howe, C Ashworth, Theodore Lehman, Peter Byrne and 4 Chinese.

For Port Gamble, per Camden, Oct 14—S D McDougald wife and child.

For San Francisco, per Liliu, Oct 14—J M Hull.

For Hongkong, per Electra, Oct 24—63 Chinese

From Sydney, per City of Sydney, Oct 27—Mr Thorn, Mr Darvin, William Holt, F Harrison, D Fitzgerald, K Wallace, D Tidemann, W J Wetzel, Ernest Albert

For San Francisco, per City of Sydney, Oct 27—H Waslburn and wife, C T Mills, Mrs L Weaver, Mrs M F Atwater, R T Green and wife, M Williams, Miss B N Cornwell, T Gardner, J W McGuire and daughter, H P Baldwin, Miss M Kelly, Mrs W Martin and child, A Ehlers, A S Hartwell, Hon A F Judd, Capt R Briggs, G G Macfarlane, O Fredlander, W G Fenner, J C Glade, H A P Carter, G W Macfarlane, J T Durzel, G Aster, Ah Hee, E Ullner, Mrs K Strehl and 5 children, J Kaplan, Mrs N Schwartz and 2 children, J G Allen, F Tatter, H Bradley, J Garbutt, A M Hansen, D Bolte, E Albert, Akeoin, J W Lewis, C Gertz, R Grieve, W A Johnstone, J Watson, wife and child, C Tishong, Talan, W Wall.

MARRIED.

Robson—Brash—In this city, October 8th, by the Rev. Father Hermann, Mr. Thomas Robson to Miss Elizabeth Rose, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Brash, all of Honolulu. No cards. ☞ San Francisco and New York papers please copy.

Smith—Borro—In Honolulu, Oct. 12, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Mr. Peter Smith to Miss Rosa A. de Borro.

Castle—Tenney—At Piihau, Hilo, Hawaii, on the 17th ult., by the Rev A O Forbes, George P Castle of Honolulu, to Ida M, daughter of T P Tenney of the former place. No cards.

Ives—Gertz—In Honolulu, Oct. 31st, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Mr. Frederick A. Ives to Miss Henrietta L. Gertz, both of Honolulu.

DIED.

Johnstone—In Honolulu, on Sunday, Oct 5th, 1879, Mrs. R. M. Johnstone, relict of the late Andrew Johnstone, and sister of J. Worth of Hilo, in the 88th year of her age.

Keumi—In Honolulu, October 11th, Mary Ann Keumi, aged 16 years, 4 months and 14 days. She was the eldest daughter of Mrs. Mary A. S. Rose, of this city.

Maudet—In this city, Oct. 16th, the Reverend Father Denis Maudet, aged 75 years. He was a member of the Roman Catholic Mission, having been stationed on the Island of Kauai, principally at Hanalei, for the past forty years. A native of France.

Bruns—In this city, Oct 21st, Christian, second son of Mr J H Bruns of this city, aged 19 years and 1 month.

Bush—In this city, Oct 20th George Henry Bush, brother to Governor Bush of Kauai, aged 36 years. A young man of good purpose; a Christian, and a valuable example to his fellow-countrymen.

Damon—In this city, Oct. 23, of typhoid fever, William F. Damon, in the 23d year of his age, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Damon. It is seldom that we are called upon to mourn the loss of so promising a young member of the community. Willie Damon was in the first flush of manhood; hale, hearty and physically all that a man should be; large-hearted, generous to a fault, concientious and true; with ample prospects of future usefulness and success in life; yet the fell destroyer has singled him out. God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. The entire community symphathise deeply with the afflicted family. The funeral was largely attended from the old chaplaincy, and the services were impressively performed by the Rev. Mr. W. Frear and the Rev. Dr. Lowell Smith.

"Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows,
But weep for them who here remain,
The mournful heritors of pain."

—*P. C. Advertiser.*

Love—In this city, Oct 25, of typhoid fever, J Isabella Love, daughter of Mr Robert Love, in the 19th year of her age. She has during the last three years officiated as organist at the Bethel Church.

"None knew her but to love her
None named her but to praise."

Foley—In this city, Oct. 25th 1879, John Foley, of typhoid fever, a native of Newtown, Conna Co., Ireland, aged 27 years and 2 months.

Meek.—In this city, on Wednesday, October 29th, John Meek, jr., in the 31st year of his age. A grandson of the late John Meek, for so many years a resident of this Island.

Bridges—At Waikiki, Nov. 1st, Captain George A. Bridges, a native of Penobscot, Maine, but for many years a resident of Honolulu. He has been employed on the Guano Islands and on board the *Morning Star*. He leaves a widow and five children to mourn his loss. He was a member of the Bethel Church, and was known as a consistent Christian. His funeral will be attended from his late residence, near the Mission, at 4 P. M. to-day.

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CASH SURPLUS..... 7.000.000

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His Jewels.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

When the Lord makes up His jewels,
Choosing gems of every hue,
Pearls and diamonds, rubies, sapphires,
Showing flawless through and through,
Could I be the least among them,
Smallest gem that love could see,
And His eye detect the brightness,
That would be enough for me.

Precious stones are cut and polished,
By the lapidary's skill,
Cruel knife and rasping friction,
Work on each the Master's will.
Not until the sparkling facets
With an equal luster glow,
Does the artist choose a setting
For the gem perfected so.

Thus I wait the royal pleasure,
And when trouble comes to me,
Smile to think He may be working
On the gem, though small it be.
All I ask is strength to bear it,
Faith and patience to be still,
Held by Him no knife can slay me,
Loving Him, no anguish kill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FRANCES, BARONESS BUNSEN. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. New York: G. Routledge & Sons, and Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.

Some years ago we read "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by the same author. That volume introduced the reader to a most choice circle of Christians in the clerical and higher walks of English society. The volume now under review is substantially the same kind of a book, but the range of characters noticed introduces the reader to a still wider circle of the very choicest European Christian society. The life of Baroness Bunsen was spent in Wales, England, Italy, Germany and Switzerland. Her companions were Emperors, Kings, ambassadors and literary men and women who moved in the very highest circle of European society. She was the honored guest of Queen Victoria and the Emperor of Germany. Her husband was the renowned historian and Egyptian scholar, the Ambassador of Germany at Rome and in London.

It is not to the public career of this noble Christian woman that we would so much call attention as to her sweet, gentle, charming Christian life in the bosom of her own family, and surrounded by her twelve sons and daughters. We feel quite sure every mother in Christendom would think she had a sympathising sister in the Baroness if she were to read this volume. She came from a most excellent family stock—that of the Waddingtons, to which the eminent French statesman belongs. In quietly glancing through the thousand pages of this volume it is most instructive to trace out the various links connecting families in England and Germany. Did our limits allow, we could add much in commending this volume to the perusal of the public.

Her range of reading was extensive, and her criticisms upon literary and theological books eminently thoughtful and practical. She closes a notice of Buckle's book on "Civilization," wherein he endeavors, from a wide range of historical research, to establish the principle of atheism, with this paragraph from page 399:

"The reply to all attempts to stigmatize the religion of Christ as the cause of evil is unanswerable, as the fact *is* and *remains*, that the faith which causes sin and misery is *not* the faith of Christ, but a system falsely so called, which the greatest foes of the Gospel cannot deny, if ever they can be brought to comprehend what *is* the Gospel and what the error of man presuming to interpret the word of God."

On the 24th of May, 1870, she thus writes one of her sons—on page 410—referring to the unseen world, to which her husband had taken his departure:

"In the regions to which your dear father has attained there is fulness of joy, fulness of work, fulness of object, for the fitted faculties, and the contributions of earth, however precious here, would have the flavor of sorrow, even if they could reach the abode of blessedness. And yet there are two stanzas of a hymn which I found written out in Theodora's hand—I know not whence copied—which strike my feelings with the melody of truth:

"Do I forget—O no;
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

"Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came."

Ohio Men in the Sandwich Islands.

SOME FEW WHO DO NOT HOLD OFFICE.

[MINISTER COMLY IN THE OHIO STATE JOURNAL.]

We are in receipt of papers from Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, giving accounts of the examinations of the schools and colleges there. Among items of interest thereabout we notice that Miss Ritze receives special mention for her efficiency as a teacher in Mr. Atkinson's school. In the same school, one of Moliere's comedies was presented in the original, in which Guy and Smith Comly, sons of the American Minister, took part. Smith (the youngest) receives special mention in one of the Honolulu papers. "Incog.; or Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds," was also presented, by Masters Hay and Guy Wodehouse, sons of the English Commissioner; Charles Carter, son of the late Minister of Foreign Affairs and Envoy to England and Germany; G. Wilder, son of the Hawaiian Minister of the Interior; Guy Comly and others. Both representations are highly praised. Susie Comly recited Aldrich's "Baby Bell," and received much applause. Among the pieces on the programme we find the Gen. Lytle's "I am Dying, Egypt."

At Punahou College we find the Columbus names of Freddie and Annie Armstrong, grandchildren of William Armstrong, Town street.

Rev. D. Hyde, President of Oahu Theological Seminary, is an uncle of Mr. Hyde, of Robbins & Hyde, this city.

Lorin Andrews, late President of the Lahainaluna College, author of the Hawaiian Dictionary and a treatise on the language, was a cousin of the President of Marietta College and Prof. E. B. Andrews, of the Ohio Geological Survey, and was educated in Ohio, we believe at Ohio University.

By the way, Mr. Atkinson is a son of the two great English travelers, husband and wife, of that name. In his mother's book, "Travels in Siberia and the Khirgis Steppes," she mentions his birth, and that he was named Alatau Tamchiboulac, after the mountain and spring where he was born. He is an accomplished linguist, musician and artist, and one of the best teachers in the world.

While on this subject we may as well mention that the leading dentist of the islands is Dr. Whitney, graduate of Starling Medical College, son-in-law of L. L. Rice, formerly private secretary of Gov. Chase; the leading physician is Dr. John S. McGrew, formerly of Cincinnati, and Medical Director of a Department in the southwest during the whole of the late war; the best photographer is Mr. Dickson, late of Cincinnati, brother of Bates Dickson, Adjutant-General on Thomas' staff; the engineer of the Hawaiian steamer *Likelike*, was an engineer on the old Piqua road, and so on. In fact, the islands are full of Ohio men, and some of them do not hold office.

AMONG those booked for departure by the steamer on Monday next we note the names of the Hon. H. A. P. Carter, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany; and His Honor A. Francis Judd, First Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Carter takes with him the Treaty between this Kingdom and the Empire of Germany, as ratified by His Majesty the King and approved by the Emperor, but which has yet to be submitted to the German Parliament before finally going into effect. So far as we have learned in regard to the leading features of this Treaty, we are induced to express the hope that the other powers of Europe with which we have commercial relations may be inclined, on examination, to adopt its equitable provisions in their negotiations with this Archipelago. Our affairs in this respect are safe in the hands of Mr. Carter. Mr. Justice Judd, as we are informed, proposes to spend the coming winter among his relatives in the old city of Albany, N. Y. The Judge is Hawaiian born, but we doubt not he will learn to appreciate the "ruler of the inverted year," and say with Cowper:

"I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness.
And all the comforts that the household roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

—*P. C. Advertiser, Oct.* 25.

MISS GORDON CUMMING.—Dr. Gulick thus writes from Yokohama, under date of August 9th: "Miss Gordon Cumming is here, and famous as she is, as a traveler, she has been stimulated by Miss Bird to visit the Hawaiian Elysium. We are experiencing an epidemic of cholera. Some 20,000 have died in the central regions of the Empire, and it has reached Yokohama; but it is not severe among us."

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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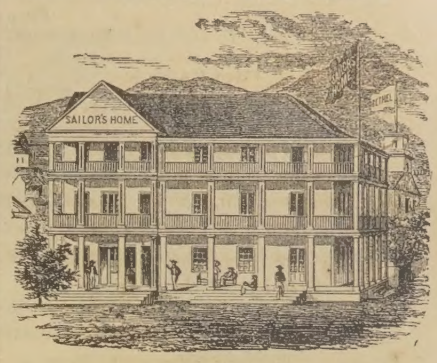

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

It is with feelings of sadness that we have to record the death of one of our most valued members, William F. Damon.—Born in Honolulu, Punahou early claimed him as a pupil; and here the greater part of his education was received.

Five years ago he went to Minneapolis, and there, for a year, attended a Mercantile College. The year following he spent as a member of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, and the love and respect of his associates, at both these institutions, followed him when he returned to his home here in Honolulu. For the past three years office duties, in the employ of E. O. Hall & Son, occupied his attention till his late sickness removed him from our midst.

The record of his life is brief, but the length of the invisible record, God alone can estimate.

Our Treasurer has left us; but when we remember the looks of sadness, the tears, not alone of sympathy, but of sorrow also, at his loss, on the part of all classes in this community, the loving influence of his grand, Christian manhood is plainly manifest.

How forcibly did the words of Christ's minister, at the burial service, come home to us. We can but echo the thought: Why was one so good taken? The answer comes: From earth's true nobility are chosen the honored in heaven.

We wish to call attention to our advertisement in this issue, and particularly to that part of it relating to the Employment Committee. The need of such a Committee is surely evident.

While so many young men are continually coming to Honolulu, and the greatest part of them seeking employment, the want is clearly felt by those interested.

The object of the Association being to do good in every practicable way which is brought to its notice in this respect, it has seemed a good thing to aid, as far as possible, strangers coming to our city.

Idleness generally engenders evil. And, since evil is the object of attack, this has seemed one way of striking a blow.

What remains now is for employers and those wishing employment, to apply to this Committee.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and what God gives him he gives him for mankind. — *Phillips Brooks.*

NOTICE.

The Young Men's Christian Association holds Monthly Meetings at the Lyceum, at half-past seven o'clock, on the Third Thursday in each month.

All young men, and especially strangers, are earnestly invited to attend.

The next meeting will be held November 20th.—Subject of discussion: "Unjust Taxation, and How Remedied."

List of Officers and Standing Committees of the Y. M. C. A.:

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, ———

Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe.

Editor—Charles Peterson, Editor of the 8th page of The Friend for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—Wm. O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

"Communism," by appointment, was the subject of discourse at the last meeting of the Y. M. C. A., leading to an all-engrossing discussion upon Unjust Taxation as a possible germ of communism here in our own fair islands. Monopolies were also spoken of as an impending evil, tending to draw a barrier and shutting off the poorer of mankind from the free exercise of their rights and destroying that balance of power wherein alone, it seems, liberty is secured to all. Among those that entered into the various branches of this discussion, we would mention the names of Dr. C. M. Hyde, S. N. Emerson, Rev. S. E. Bishop and C. J. Lyons. The subject of Unjust Taxation will be continued on at the next meeting of the Y. M. C. A., to be held Thursday, Nov. 20th, when the Association will be happy to receive a full attendance of all interested in Y. M. C. A. work.

Practical Christianity is no sanctuary sensation, no Sabbath day service. It is the conscientious discharge of all duty with a desire therein to know Jehovah. It makes the whole world a temple and the whole life a priesthood, "eating and drinking and doing all things to the glory of God."

In all thy tears remember, "Jesus wept."
Rejoice! The pulses of the mighty heart,
Unchanged in glory, vibrate to thine own
Responsive; and though now exalted high,
Above all majesty, and myriad ones,
Adoring cast their crowns before his feet;
The hand to which of old the weeper clung,
The fallen kissed, the leper touched, still wields
The sceptre of creation. Eyes that shed
O'er human grave a flood of human tears,
Still look with pity on this desert world;
And Bethany's Chief Mourner is with thee!

—*Dr. McDuff.*

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. it was voted to provide and place in some prominent locality a box for the reception of such spare reading matter as might be donated for the Hospital and Prison. The box is now at the entrance of Messrs. Whitney & Robertson's store. All books and papers received will be distributed where they will do the most good.

"There is no greater mistake," said Dr. Bushnell, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and *above* it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power."

Intelligence has been received of the death at Jerusalem, of the missionary Bishop Gobat, of the church of England. In early life he went on a mission to Abyssinia, and was afterward sent to Palestine, where he became bishop in 1846. He was a man of decidedly evangelical principles, earnest in spirit and laboriously engaged in the work of missions. A German by birth, he was appointed on the nomination of the present Emperor of Germany, the naming of the bishop belonging alternately to the Emperor of Germany and the Queen of England.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Thrice Golden Wedding.—The fiftieth marriage anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Chas Francis Adams occurred last week. It is an interesting and very unusual fact that three golden weddings of successive generations of the same family should have been observed in the same house. That of President John Adams and his wife was celebrated on the 25th of October, 1814. That of their son, President John Quincy Adams and his wife, on the 26th of July, 1847. The third has just taken place. It will be noticed that the intervals between these occasions were respectively thirty-three and thirty-two years—almost exactly the life time of a generation. At the time of their golden weddings, President John Adams was seventy-nine, and President J. Q. Adams had just entered his eightieth year. Mr. Adams is seventy-two.—*American Exchange.*